A PARADOX.

I recollect how grieved I was
When Cousin Amy married.
I thought her very cruel because
For me she had not tarried.
She gave to my affection green
Encouragement in plenty,
For I was under seventeen
And she was five-and-twenty.

Fair Amy is a widow now,
Her sorrow fast outgrowing.
'Tis very singular, I vow,
The way the years are going,
With me, at allegretto rate;
With her a grateful lente—
Now I am nearing thirty-eight
And she is six-and-twenty.

I should be gratified to know
How others, like my cousin,
A twelvemonth older only grow,
One year in half a dozen.
O, Chronos! tell the secret me,
The power superhuman
That causes time with men to flee,
But bids it wait with women.

—[Chicago Tribune.

Fine Talkers.

A writer in the New York Tribune has been making a study of the male and female talker, and has arrived at these conclusions concerning their characteristics:

"The fine talker in a city runs but a brief career. He is short-lived as the race-horse or the man who swings by one leg on a trapeze, or hoists cannon balls, or in any other way wins applause by forcible spurts of display. In a year or two the jokes begin to look thin, and the capital stories give signs of having been turned and patched much too often. The talker then usually throws them into a lecture or two, and is apt to earn, not state dinners, but daily bread and beef with them, while he delights provincial lyceums.

Outside of the large cities your fine talker is seldom a wit. The bucolic mind distrusts the funny man. The people of small towns elect as their oracle the ready but weighty speaker, the man of general research into encyclopædias and magazines, who can give you an opinion off-hand on beet-sugar, or Russian politics, or predestination, or the chances as to the Presidency in 1884, with fluency and authority. He keeps his wits on tap, so to speak, ready for all comers.

To be sure, even in the slow eddies and currents of thought in provincial life, the opinions of this leader of intelligence and conversation sometimes appear stale and second-hand, and his audience wonder whether they have elected their ruler wisely. But they generally wonder in silence, and he talks on his way triumphantly.

The female of this species is marked by the same characteristics. She is usually more effusive, however. She takes her auditors more into her confidence. A gushing sympathy and personal interest are her capital instead of the good stories and the quick humor of which women are destitute. Having claimed you as her friend, she proceeds to show you what an acquisition you have made. She is ready to exhaust and settle forever all questions uppermost in the community, whether it be the Indian problem, embroidered tidies or universal salvation.

The salient point to be noted in the men or women who are popularly known as fine talkers in this country is that their material is really, as a rule, stale and second-hand. They have a verbal expertness in handling thoughts; they give them out as liberally as the ploughman throws down the chopped fodder to his herd. But the thoughts are chopped fine and dried; they bear the same relation to the simple utterances of a genuine thinker that the dry cut stubble does to the green, live, growing corn in the field."

BOY OR GIRL.

A Young Man's Misfortunes on Account of a Borrowed Baby.

Smith is fond of babies, says the Washington Capital. That is, he was before that unfortunate trip to Tenallytown. Since then he would rather take a snake to his bosom than an infant, no matter how sweet and pretty the cherub, and the sight of the Tenallytown coach gives him freckles on his back. This is how it happened:

Smith and his second best girl, in company with the two Misses Giggler and Charley Stacey, concluded to call on some friends in Tenallytown one evening last week, and took the coach. The coach was full when it started, but stopped to take in a lady and three small children, the youngest an infant in arms, two band boxes and a pot of flowers. Smith enjoyed it, as it compelled him to sit closer to his next best girl, and Stacey seemed to relish being squeezed to death between the two giddy Gigglers. The poor tired little mother finally got settled, and the coach started again, to be stopped once more on the outskirts of the city by an old woman. To her anxious query: "Eny rum?" the driver cheerily said: "Oh, yes, mum; git right in." The old lady appeared at the door, looked anxiously in and said: "'Pears to me you are pretty well scrouged up now."

Smith hugged up closer to his b. g. and said to the little mother with the trio of infants: "Let me hold the baby, ma'am."

Little Mother. Oh, thank you kindly, but it will be too much trouble.

Smith. Not at all, ma'am (taking the child). Now, madam (to the old lady), crowd right in. And after some more "scrouging" the old lady wedged herself down next to Smith, and the following comedy was enacted:

Old Lady (addressing Smith). How long does it take to git to Tenally?

Smith. Bout'n hour, I guess, ma'am.

O. L. Hey?

S. (louder). Bout'n hour, I guess, ma'am.

O. L. I'm pretty hard o' hearin'.

S. (getting nervous and yelling). Bout'n hour, I say.

O. L.—Yu don't say so! Sakes alive! I just came down last week to see my Mirandy. She lives in Geo'town. Married John Mills, the blacksmith. Bin married 'bout a year, and I cum down to git the baby's clothes ready. (The Misses Giggler show signs of hysterics and look out of the window; Smith's best girl turns red, and Smith himself nervously trots infant.)

O. L.—(Seeing infant first time, makes a dive at its left lung with her dexter finger, wrinkles up her old face into a species of a smile and says). Kootsy, wootsy, bootsy, bress its dear little heart. (To Smith.) Takin' the little darlin' out for an airin'?

Smith (turning red). Yes, ma'am; that is—I mean—no, ma'am. (Balance of passengers become interested).

O. L. That's right, that's right, nothing like good country air for the little darlin's. Looks just like you. (Suddenly.) Boy or gal? (Entire coach load in convulsions.)

Smith (turning pale and looking frightened). Damfino. I beg pardon, really that—— Confound you, Stacey, you infernal idiot, what are you howling at? I'll pay you for this. Think you're smart, don't you?

O. L. Hey?

Smith (Desperately and loudly). I say, it's a boy.

Miss Giggler. Why, Mr. Smith, it's a girl; can't you tell by the way it's dressed?"

Smith (savagely). I don't care what it is. Here, driver, stop. I want to get out. Take your brat, madam. I wouldn't hold another baby for $1,000,000 a minute.

O. L. (not understanding commotion). Hey, what's the fun; tell me? I like fun.

Smith (hurriedly getting out). Fun be blowed. (To Stacey who is in convulsions). You had better send for the black maria and a squad of police to bring you back. I'll be revenged on all of you, and sticking his hands deep in his pockets he started down the dusty road toward town, followed by yells of laughter and the mocking voice of Stacey shouting "Papa."

Smith says the daisies will bloom over several new-made mounds soon if the boys don't stop saying "boy or gal" when he is around.

Men Who Influenced Their Age.

[Freeman, in Fortnightly Review.]

The course of history is not a mere game played by a few great men; nor yet does it run in an inflexible groove which no single man can turn aside. The great man influences his age, but at the same time he is influenced by his age. Some of the greatest of men, as far as their natural gifts went, have been useless or mischievous, because they have been out of gear with their own age. Their own age could not receive them, and they could not make their age other than what it was. The most useful kind of great man is he who is just so far in advance of his age that his age can accept him as its leader and teacher. Men of this kind are themselves part of the course of events; they guide it; they make it go quicker or slower, but they do not thwart it.

Can we, for instance, overrate the gain which came to the new-born federation of America by finding such a man as Washington ready-made to its hand? Or take men of quite another stamp from the Virginian deliverer. The course of our history for the last 800 years has been largely affected by the fact not only that we underwent a foreign conquest of a particular kind, such as could be wrought only by a man of a particular kind.

The course of our history for the last 300 years has been largely affected by the fact that, when English freedom was in the greatest danger, England fell into the hands of a tyrant whose special humor it was to carry on his tyranny under the forms of law.

English history could not have been what it has been if William the Conqueror and Henry VIII. had been men other than what they were. One blushes to put the two names together. William was great in himself, and must have been great in any time or place. Henry, a man not without great gifts, but surely not a great man, was made important by circumstances in the time and place in which he lived. But each influenced the course of events by his personal character. But they influenced events only in the sense of guiding, strengthening, and quickening some tendencies and keeping others back for a while.

A Gentle Nurse.

[London Society.]

At a public meeting for opening some church schools at Padiham, in Lancashire, Sir James Kay Shuttleworth mentioned that he had been once called in by the queen and prince to organize some schools for her for the scattered population of Windsor forest.

The children were not only to be instructed in religious and secular knowledge, but also in making clothes, in cookery, and in gardening. The plan cost the queen a thousand a year, and the queen took a strong personal interest in visiting the place and watching its development. The prince of Wales was for some time in the habit of examining the scholars.

At a meeting held at Cambridge, on behalf of the Army of Scripture Readers' society, the chaplain of the forces at Aldershot narrated the following anecdote:

"The incumbent of Osborne had occasion to visit an aged parishioner. Upon his arrival at the house, as he entered the door where the invalid was, he found sitting by the bedside, a lady in deep mourning reading the word of God. He was about to retire when the lady remarked, 'Pray remain! I should not wish the invalid to lose the comfort which a clergyman might afford, the lady retired, and the clergyman found, lying on the bed, a book with texts of scripture adapted to the sick; and he found that out of that book portions of the scripture had been read by the lady in black. That lady was the queen of England." Many are the instances on record of the visits of her majesty to the school and cottage, the workhouse, and the hospital.

THE CHILDREN.

Give us light amid our darkness;
Let us know the good from ill;
Hate us not for all our blindness;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness—
You can make us what you will.

We shall be what you will make us—
Make us wise, and make us good!
Make us strong, for time of trial;
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude!

—[Wordsworth

The Fool Friend.

[Bill Nye.]

But what shall we do with the warm, personal friend who sets up nights to love us but hurts us in every corner by his indiscretion? We cannot whip him and throw him away. We cannot get him shut up in an insane aslylum, because the asylum was not designed for idiots.

It was made for people who once had brains. It is a conundrum which more than one of us has given up. If the fool friend could have his jaws locked with a time-lock, and then fed by an attendant through the vest-pocket, we could then set the time-lock to open after election or just before breakfast on the day of judgment, or at such other date as we desired, and all would be well, but you cannot do that. The jaw of the fool friend wags on and on till the goose of the one he loves best on earth is cooked to a rich, deep brown.

An enemy may say mean things of you, but they lose force because people know at once by his bitterness that he is your enemy, but he who knows your inmost heart, who knows what salary you receive and how much it lacks of maintaining you, how mean you are in your family and how pleasant you are in other people's families, how you smile through the day and snore through the night, how earnest you are in your labors toward reform in everything except your own habits, and a thousand other little glimpses into your home life which none but a friend may know, when he has no brains to balance his warm affection for you, think what ruin he can furnish you at car-load rates.

FACES IN THE DARK.

[St. James Gazette.]

Some months ago there appeared in one of the monthly reviews a paper on "The Visions of Sane Persons," contributed by Mr. Galton. In this article that distinguished writer brought forward some cases which he seemed to think remarkable, of persons who, when they were in the dark, saw strange apparitions. Not that these persons imagined that what filled their vision existed anywhere out of it. But these phantoms had all the appearance of external objects, and were certainly not produced by any effort of memory or imagination, but quite involuntarily.

One lady told how she used to see in this way, from time to time, showers of red roses, which presently turned into a flight of golden speckles or spangles, the roses being presented to her vision as distinctly as real flowers in broad day might be. (And not only so, but the lady says she used to smell their perfume, too; but there's nothing like that in my own experience.) And there were stories of faces seen in the dark in like manner; not pictures in the memory, but seemingly standing off upon the air for the eye to gaze upon, and coming and going as with a will and purpose of their own.

What struck me most about all this when I read it was that Mr. Galton should think it strange enough to lay before the world as a curiosity. For all my life I had myself been familiar with phantoms of this kind, and, without much thought about the matter, assumed that many, if not most other people, were equally at home with them. The golden spangles I too used to see when I was a child; only instead of turning into showers of roses, in my vision they were transformed into flocks of sheep running rapidly down hill, as in a distant landscape. When the sheep got to the bottom of the hill they faded into the darkness; and then the tiny bright yellow spangles appeared at the top again, to be again transformed. There was not much interest in that, however; though I dare say, since Mr. Galton thinks so, that as a visual illusion it was curious. But as to the faces that appear to my vision in the dark, that is another matter. After having been haunted by them in a civil, quiet way for many years, I still find them very interesting indeed.

These faces are never seen except when the eyelids are closed, and they have always an apparent distance of four or five feet. Though they seem living enough, and not mere pictures or reflections, they look through the darkness as if traced in chalk on a black ground. Color sometimes they have, but the color is very faint. Nothing more than a face is ever seen; and except for a fraction of a moment, perhaps, not all the face at one time. Here and there their lines waver, fade and return, as if drawn with a pencil of phosphorus; but there is no phosphoric appearance about them; their general aspect is as if their substance were of pale smoke. These faces in the dark always confront the vision. Only one have I ever seen in profile; and this also was singular in bearing a certain resemblance to some one whom I know in real life. For (to me) the most remarkable thing about these visionary faces is that while they are always of a strikingly distinctive character they are like none that I can ever remember to have seen in life or in pictures. My faces in the dark are much more often of men than of women; they are rarely quite agreeable, but they are all extremely interesting (when they can be endured), because they look like the fleeting embodiment of some passion or some mood of mind; usually not the best of moods. There are some very noble faces among these apparitions—I rather mean expressive of a great nobility; but I have never seen among them the mask of pity, or love, or of any tender emotion; or grief, scorn, pride, hatred, greed, cunning, inquiry, envious or triumphant mockery.

These apparitions are entirely independent of the will. The golden spangles and the flock of sheep I can generally call into vision when I please, but the faces come and go as pleases them. You may be awake with your eyes closed, thinking of the weather or the last change of Government in France, and, as a wreath of smoke might rise, there is a face in the dark. It is useless to seek to retain it for contemplation, or to attempt to recall it when it has faded out. This you may greatly wish to do, for sometimes the phantom has a profoundly meaning, or appealing, or revealing look; but all your arts of imagination fail to project it on the air again when it has once died away. Only for a few seconds does it ever remain, and it never returns. But what frequently happens is that one face changes to another after the manner of "dissolving views." And the change is almost always for the worse. A face that begins by being strange and interesting, ends by becoming something awful or hideous beyond the power of description and the will to describe.

All that I need add, perhaps, is that though these faces have been my familiars for many years, they have become neither more nor less numerous; nor are they more frequent than I have observed, nor do they change in character. They appear pretty often, but they have never given me any disturbance, and I do not know that their coming and going depends in any measure on varying conditions of health or ease. Maybe they do; but if so I am not aware of it. Lastly, that my sight was not weak I must believe, since it has gone hardily through trying and almost ceaseless labor from my youth up.

Some Singular Characters.

Every generation has its eccentricities, its curious characters, its mysterious men; exciting the ridicule, wonder, and curiosity of more commonplace people. Here are a few for the entertainment of our readers:

The year 1866 saw the end of Rene Lartique, a Parisian of more notoriety than reputation—a man of regular habits, who had spent the best portion of the last fifteen years of his life at the Palais Royal. Every morning at ten o'clock, clad in a patched coat, buttonless waistcoat, ragged trousers, and a rusty old hat, he would install himself in his particular corner at Tissat's restaurant, there to remain eating and drinking until three in the afternoon, by which time he would have got through half-a-dozen bottles of wine.

He then walked up and down the garden until the clock struck five, when he returned to his seat for another meal, which occupied him until half-past nine, his time of departure. Such a customer might reasonably expect a little favor at the restaurant keeper's hands. He did not meet with it. One day Lartique craved credit for his dinner; the lady presiding at the comptoir demurred to complying with his request; whereupon, calling one of the waiters, Lartique went with him into the office, and unbuttoning took off a broad leather belt, and showing the astonished garcon two hundred gold pieces of a hundred francs each, tossed one of them into his hand to settle his bill—and Tissat's knew him no more. Thenceforward his patronage was bestowed elsewhere, but he continued to visit the Palais Royal as regularly as before, and eat and drink in the same fashion until he fell, a victim to over-indulgence.

The "Man in Green" for many years spent his afternoons parading the Gallery at Brussels, never interchanging a word with man or woman. In 1871 the familiar figure failed to put in an appearance for three successive days, and the police set about inquiring what had become of him. They found him, only to see him carried to his last lodging before the week was out; but not before he had made a confession, unless the story made public regarding him was a pure invention. It was a strange one. Serving under the Russian government in the Caucasian diamond mines, he had, in the course of his duties, come into possession of a stone of such extraordinary size and beauty that the temptation to appropriate it proved irresistible. That was easily done. To get away with it was not so easy. Making an incision in his neck large enough to receive the diamond, he waited until the skin had grown over it. Then he asked for a holiday on the score of ill-health, and escaping the vigilance of the searchers reached Amsterdam with his spoil. There he disposed of it for something like twelve thousand pounds, the diamond eventually passing by purchase into the hands of its proper owner—the Czar.

How a Piute Maiden Rejects a Lover.

[Interview with Sarah Winnemucca.

If a Piute girl does not like her lover she tells her grandmother, and when the young man comes again at night, that good old lady rises from her bed, takes a handful of hot ashes from the fire and throws them in his face. That's the mitten.

If he persists in his attentions and continues to come again and again, the whole family unite in heaping indignities upon him, but the girl is never a party to this. Her brothers and sisters and father and mother throw ashes upon him, dowse him with water, flagellate him with stout switches and drive him from the lodge.

Sometimes an Indian persists, in spite of such assaults, and goes again and again to the tent where the girl is sleeping. Sometimes this perseverance wins her heart, but not often. If the girl likes him and is willing to marry him, then she tells her grandmother, who informs the girl's father.

EXEMPLIFYING OSCULATION.

Into the glowing grate he gazed
In silent meditation,
Until her eyes the maiden raised
And said, "What's osculation?"

The lover slowly bent his head,
And with some trepidation
He kissed her on the lips and said,
"Sweet love, that's osculation."

Then while her heart went pit-a-pat,
Till she could almost hear it,
She said, "I thought it must be that,
Or something pretty near it."

—[Boston Courier.

Dilatory Lovers.

The impatience of the parents of the young lady over the long and fruitless visits of the chronic caller was pictured in comic colors some years ago by a funny writer. It seems that it was midnight. The young man had farewelled himself out, and Emeline had locked her door and was untying her shoe when her mother came down stairs with a bed-quilt around her and said.

"Wanted to creep up stairs without my hearing you, eh? Didn't think it was an hour after midnight, did you?"

The girl made no reply and the mother continued.

"Did he propose this time."

"Why mother!" exclaimed the daughter.

"You can 'why mother' all you want to, but don't I know that he has been coming here for the last year? Don't I know that you have burned up at least four tons of coal courting around here?"

The girl got her shoes off and the mother stood in the hall door and asked:

"Emeline haven't you got any grit?"

"I guess so."

"I guess you haven't. I just wish that fellow with false teeth and a mole on his chin would come sparking me. Do you know what would happen Emeline?"

"No."

"Well I'll tell you. He'd come to time in sixty days or he'd get out of this mansion like a goat jumping for sunflower seeds."

And Emeline went to bed hugging this thought to her bosom.

Occasionally such visits become so burdensome that the young lady talks to the young man herself. At least they had such a girl out in Colorado. She had been receiving the attentions of a young man for about a year, but becoming impatient at his failure to bring matters to a crisis, she resolved to ascertain his intentions. When he next called she took him gently by the ear, lead him to a seat and said:

"Nobby, you've been foolin' 'round this claim fur mighty near a year, an' hev never yit shot off your mouth on the marryin' biz. I've cottoned to you on the square clean through an' hev stood off every galoot that has tried to chip in; an' now I want you to come down to business or leave the ranch. Ef you're on the marry and want a pard that'll stick rite to ye till ye pass in your checks an' the good Lord calls ye over the range, just squeal, an' we'll hitch; but ef that ain't yer game, draw out an' give some other feller a show fur his pile. Now, sing yer song or skip out." He sang.

The Parrot and the Monkey Story.

[Longman's Magazine.]

A well-worn American anecdote describes the result of owning both a parrot and a monkey. When the owner of the bird and the beast comes home one day he finds the monkey decked with red and green feathers, but he does not find the parrot for a long while.

At last the bird appears from an obscure corner, plucked bare, save a single tail feather; he hops upon his perch with such dignity as he can muster, and says, with infinite pathos: "Oh, we have had a hell of a time!"

At first nothing could seem more American than this, but my friend, Mr. Austin Dobson, has recently drawn my attention to a story essentially the same in Walpole's letters. Yet another parrot popular in New York, where a well known wit happens to be a notorious stutterer, is as little American as this of Walpole's.

The stutterer is supposed to ask the man who offers the parrot for sale if it c-c-c-can t-t-t-talk. "If it could not talk better than you, I'd wring its neck," is the vender's indignant answer. I found this only the other day in Buckland's "Curiosities of Natural History," first published nearly a quarter of a century ago; in all probability it is yet more ancient.

THE MODERN VIRGINIA NEGRO.

[Hartford Courant.]

The second generation, grown up since the war, is not without education, but it wholly lacks discipline and sense of responsibility. Naturally, having escaped out of slavery, it regards liberty, often interpreted license, as the chief good, and is very slow to learn habits of industry and thrift. Idle and ill-clad negroes about the streets are a common sight. Perhaps the women are more industrious; they certainly develop fondness for dress and cheap jewelry, but their morals are not a recognizable quality among the assets of character.

The negroes—and it is the same wherever I went in the state—are gregarious; they like to live in town, to huddle together in close neighborhoods and a good many in a tenement. Many of them own little places and cheap houses of their own, but their present ambition does not go beyond a hand-to-mouth existence. A good many of the girls go to White Sulphur and other watering-places in the summer and pick up enough in one way and another to keep them during the winter. Some of them who are single or have become so by the loss of their husbands, frankly say that they prefer to remain alone rather than undertake the support of an idle darkey—too many "good-for-nothing niggers" around seems to be their point of view.

The long and short of it is that the colored brother likes to enjoy himself with as little exertion as possible, and he has equal delight in religion, balls and dancing, and larking around in the night generally.

His religion has no relation to morals—it is something to be enjoyed for its own sake. The question of domestic service is a very serious one in Virginia just now. The negro has the monopoly of this labor market, and he likes to show his independence. No servants, men or women, live in the house where they are employed, not even in the hotels. They come in the morning, when it suits their convenience, get through the work of the day as easily as they can, and then go home. The consequence of this is that there is no control and no discipline.

It is the general complaint that only the elders who were slaves before the war are of much account as servants. They are not on hand in the evening, and they come around in the morning to get breakfast at such an hour as suits their convenience or pleasures of the night.

It is also a common complaint that both house and field laborers slight their work, and it is impossible to give them a realizing sense of the eighth Commandment. They see no reason why they should not help themselves to whatever they want from the larder or the field, or take articles convenient to wear. A curious annoyance I heard spoken of: Articles sent to the washerwoman are apt to be worn by her and her friends some days before they were sent home.

It must be owned that the Virginians endure the anomalous condition of affairs with more good humor than northerners would, and patiently hope that education and time will change them. But education thus far does not appear to teach industry, thrift or morality, and I fancy that the best thing that could happen to the negroes would be some competition in the labor field.

Rev. Luther G. Riggs.

[A. N. DeMenil.]

Some years back, the Rev. Luther G. Riggs was a Connecticut preacher, widely noted for shrewd and laughable sayings. In the pulpit he maintained a suitable gravity of manner and expression, but out of the pulpit he overflowed with fun. Occasionally, he would, if emergency seemed to require, introduce something queer in the sermon, for the sake of arousing the flagging attention of his hearers. Seeing that his audience was getting sleepy, he paused in his discourse, on one occasion, and discoursed as follows:

"Brethren, you haven't any idea of the suffering of our missionaries in the new settlements on account of mosquitoes. The mosquitoes in some of those regions are enormous. A great many of them would weigh a pound, and they get on logs and bark when the missionaries are passing by."

By this time all eyes and ears were open, and he proceeded to finish his discourse.

The next day one of the hearers called him to account for telling lies in the pulpit.

"There never was a mosquitoe that weighed a pound," he said.

"But I did not say that one of them would weigh a pound," answered the Rev. Luther, "I said a great many would weigh a pound, and I think a million of them would."

"But you said they barked at the missionaries."

"No, no, brother. I said they would get on logs and bark."

The Old Time Doctor.

The old doctor who years ago was such a great man in Arkansaw has retired from practice. His old saddle-bags hang on the quilting frames under the shed, and his grand-children peel apples with his surgical instruments. The bones of his old horse have been used as a fertilizer by some progressive Yankee. There was a day, though, when the old man, now so gray and feeble, was strong, almost as strong as the medicine he carried. His word was law in numerous households. Quinine and calomel were the only medicines for which he had any respect. When these medicines failed, it was thought time for the patient to call on a higher power for naturalization papers in another hemisphere. The lancet was a great factor. If a man was slightly ill, bleed him. If he was dead, wait awhile. Bleeding was a mania among the doctors. It raged like an epidemic. If a man had too much blood they would bleed him, and they would bleed him if he didn't have enough. If a man had his left arm torn off, the next thing was "souce" a knife in his right arm. It did not seem to enter the minds of these "old timers" that a man needed blood. With them, flesh might enter the kingdom of Esculapius, but blood was excluded.

On one occasion a young doctor suggested to several physicians with whom he was holding a consultation that it would no doubt be better not to bleed the patient any more. The old physicians looked at the young fellow in amazement, and one of them found breath to exclaim:

"What?"

"I say that I don't think that it would be a good idea to bleed him any more at present."

The old physicians looked at each other and sorrowfully shook their heads.

"Upon what do you base this wild assertion, sir?"

"I base it upon common sense. The patient was suffering in the first place from loss of blood, then we bled him, and now I say, that it would be better to wait until he is able to stand another drain upon his system."

"He's hopelessly insane," said one of the doctors.

"I don't know that his case is hopeless,' one of the party replied, "but it soon will be unless immediate action is taken. He needs bleeding," and they seized him and cut a hole in his scalp.

All of these old fellows have retired from practice, with records red with the blood of their countrymen. They have not become reconciled to the new and less boisterous mode of practice, and even now, if one of them should be called upon, he would have his knife in the patient in less than five minutes.